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FLASHBACK

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Outside back cover illustration is an original sketch of a Washington County scene, the fourth of a series by Helen Finger Leflar that **Flashback** *will be priviledged to include in succeeding issues.*

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WILLIAM QUESENBURY'S DIARY

Edited by Pat Donat

The following is the last of the series from William Quesenbury's Diary, kept during the year 1850.

July 18 (Thursday)

Passed the toll bridge on Mud Creek. 25 cents a man.

Came on under a burning sun to cold and warm springs which we found to be alike in temperature. Went up above and unpacked our things. Four or five mean looking Indians came to us. We concluded not to trust them near us without a guard so we packed up, went back to the springs, watered our horses and left about three quarters of an hour of sun. Traveled till about eleven at night when we came to water. Went on about a mile and laid down, turning our horses loose.

July 19 (Friday)

Very bad grass here; left as soon as we got breakfast. Came to Deer Creek, crossed and hunted for grass and found none till we came to the sink of some creek, though we halted a few minutes in the dryest, poorest grass of the whole world. Cooked and ate. Mr. Wells, a tiresome talker, dined with us, praising our must all the time.

Started and traveled till near eleven o'clock again passing Pilot Springs and some that were encamped there. Came to a wagon. I rode out and enquired for grass. We could see the lights of the campers far up on the mountain sides. We reached them at length — turned to the left and laid down, again turning our horses loose.

July 20 (Saturday)

Remained for two or three hours this morning grazing our horses. We then set out at a brisk gait passing several clear branches of water, in one of which I got me a whetstone. Came to Cane Creek and kept up it for two miles. Encamped on it in a bend. Tolerable bottom grass. .... Parched coffee.

July 21 (Sunday)

Started very early and kept a brisk pace till about eleven when we stopped and nooned about a mile from the junction of Ft. Hall and Salt Lake roads and about the same distance from the Steeple Rocks. Took a drawing of the rocks.

We have been constantly in among trains this evening, all pushing on; one chap was carrying his outfit on his back.

Came down a very steep hill, turned to the left after crossing a small branch and found grass in a hollow where we camped.

Got some sugar and coffee from an emigrant this evening. A man named Rogers gave me a wagon whip, just the thing I wanted.

July 22 (Monday)

Got up before it was fairly light and found our animals gone. They were heard far off up the hill in the rocks. Others were heard up the hollow to the right. I started after those that went up the hill and found their tracks which I followed for about a mile and a half and found the horses. Strickler came as soon as I found them and we took them back. His mare got down in the hollow and almost choked to death with the lariat. Our start, in consequence of the horses, was not as early as yesterday's but our gait faster. Overtook a nephew of George Crum with his family, passed wagons all the time till we nooned. This was to the right, on Goose Creek which stream we struck two miles after we left camp this morning.

Left the spring where the road leaves Goose Creek, time enough to get about four miles. We turned to the right and camped by a large juniper tree on the side of a hill. Tolerable grass.

July 23 (Tuesday)

Good start. Entered Thousand Spring Valley in four or five miles. No appearance of grass. Kept on over to Cold Water Creek, but it was dry when we struck it. Nooned on it without water. Kept up dry creek four or five miles and camped to the right of the road in the edge of the flat. We used water from a mud spring, there being many dead animals in the branch. There are two fiddles going over among some Illinoians.

July 24 (Wednesday)

Got off at 6 o'clock. Continued up the valley. Passed some hot springs near the road. Nooned on the side of a hill to the left. Good grass. Found a spring at the head of the branch where two men had mended their wagon and were waiting for mules. Passed over a rolling country, entered another valley in which we met a company of packmen returning from California. Camped to the right of the road on the bench of a mountain about a half a mile below a spring of tolerable water. Grass very good. Sage wood plenty.

July 25 (Thursday)

Strickler's gray horse gone this morning. He found him down towards the water.

Started early and passed on over much such a country as before. Came to a valley where some men were engaged in killing snakes. Vast numbers had been killed at the same place and were lying all along the road for a hundred yards. We learned that the killing had been going on for some time. Nooned on the head waters of Humbolt River *(Editor's note: The party is now crossing North Central Nevada)* to the left of the road, just above some men who were helping out a mired horse.

Camped early on account of the fine grass we have had on trip — on the left of the road. Sage wood a good distance off.

July 26 (Friday)

Earliest start yet. Down the Humbolt Valley. The grass appeared good all the way. We passed the grave of a man who was killed a few nights ago whilst on guard, by an Indian.

Saw a new kind of curlew. Killed three of them which we took to our nooning place and picked — on the left of the road near the river. We fished some today. Caught nothing but the smallest size.

My pony undertook, after drinking, to play his old trick of going to the other bank and the first step he took plunged him in swimming water. Camped in a secure place over a slough, cooked our curlews and ate them.

July 27 (Saturday)

Tolerable good start. The valley of the river became more cut up with sloughs than heretofore. Tried sometime to get over into grass but could not succeed. Got over on a grass bridge but the grazing was poor. Found a dying horse and a pack saddle that had been abandoned. We also found some currants and gooseberries — three different kinds of which we ate as long as we wished.

Camped about 2 p.m. to give our horses a resting spell crossing a slough on another grass bridge. Strickler, who crossed below had some trouble with his horse.

Took my gun and went below to see if I could find anything to kill — nothing was stirring. Came back and parched coffee.

Strickler had fished this evening and we are satisfied that the Humbolt is not a fish stream.

July 28 (Sunday)

Started early. The road led over hills. Took a new cut which took us to the river. The way was a bad one. Two Dutchmen were at the river grazing an old pony. They were packing a shovel to the mines.

Nooned on poor grass on the river. Took to the hills again. Turned to the left and camped in a hollow. Bunch grass tolerably dry.

July 29 (Monday)

Late start. Came to spring water near the road. Our way was still among the hills. Took another cut off which was a bad one; it brought us to the river near some Root Digger's camps.

Grazed just above the road.

Occasionally in the valley of the river, we perspired, but never on the highlands. There is never any dew scarcely except in the river flats where the humid atmosphere is almost dew all the time.

After going about a mile from our nooning place I discovered that I had left my cup behind. Went back for it.

Camped after crossing the river and keeping down ten or twelve miles

on the S. side. Two Illinoians came up and camped with us. After we had gone to bed, we heard a gun and soon after a company of packmen came along. We asked them a question or so about the gun and they seemed bent on camping with us. They enquired how many we were and we told them two companies. They then went below a hundred yards or so and stopped.

July 30 (Tuesday)

About seven o'clock when we got off. Road dusty and disagreeable. Nooned near some packmen from whom we borrowed a couple of tin pans to water our horses with.

Found some currants which we got by wading the slough.

The dust this evening has been more disagreeable and oppressive than at any time preceding. Some saw a lake to our left late in the evening. Tried to get to it, but did not succeed. Came to a well from which we got water, and then took our course for the river, but were stopped by mire and ate near a pond. Great quantities of curlews were flying about.

Camped near the pond. After supper I discovered that my pony and Jim's mule were gone, and remained so during the night. Very uneasy about them.

We all hunted around but could hear nothing of them. A couple of Irishmen camped near us tonight.

July 31 (Wednesday)

Found my runaways just at daybreak. Took my gun after breakfast and went out after the curlews. Killed only one.

Nooned on a slough which we bridged with willows. A man came to us hunting stolen oxen and horses and another one came asking for bread. He was a Dutchman, walking with a heavy pack on his back which he said he had carried all the way from the frontier.

Camped at night on an island which we got to over a hay bridge someone had made. Presently, a pack company came and camped below us and a wagon close to us, the latter seemed inclined to turn their horses on our grass to which Mr. Mitchell objected and they put their animals over another slough.

August 1 (Thursday)

Our start was later than usual.

The road has been very crooked today and I am inclined to think we have traveled at times a little E-g-ll. Nooned to the right on a slough below a pack company. Took my gun, went down the slough and killed four young ducks. Had to wade for them. Laid them down to shoot at others and could not find them. Called for help to hunt them and just as Mr. Mitchell came, I found them. Get bothered about the road which branched out in all kinds of circles, cross forks, high cuts, etc. Found the right

(Cont. on page 21)

BILL CUSH:
Arkansas' Frontier Humorist

by
Ethel C. Simpson

Editor's note: To compliment the end of our series, "The Diary of William Quesenbury", Flashback is pleased to publish the following article which illustrates the versatility of one of Fayetteville's most interesting former citizens.

William Minor Quesenbury (1822-1888), whose diary has been published in previous issue of *Flashback* this year, was something of a Renaissance man, according to frontier Arkansas standards at any rate. He was a newspaperman, a muscician, an artist. He traveled with other frontiersmen to the gold fields of California, to Texas, to the Indian Territory. He had the keen senses of the artist — an eye for memorable detail, an ear for distinctive speech. The attitude conveyed by his published writings combines a zest for life and a fertile imagination. Finally, a wry sense of humor brought his experiences into a distinctive focus.

Fortunately, some expressions of Bill Cush's extraordinary personality have been preserved and recorded. The diary is an important written record of the private life of Bill Quesenbury. A few published works give some hint of his more public side — Bill Cush, political observer, social critic, satirist.

In 1851, during his trip to the gold fields, Quesenbury wrote a letter back to a friend in Arkansas, describing his lack of success:

> *I have mined non(e) since I have been here* (he had been sick for several months after his arrival). *I took a shovel, pick and pan...through the gulches prospecting. I suppose I mined...a dollar or so, which when I returned to the city some gentleman stole... When I left home an idea prevailed that in the mining country a man might dig anywhere he pleased and find gold, but they might as well go a-duck hunting in the uplands as to endeavor getting the dust away from the streams in the dry season.*[1]

The *Gazette* published a letter to the editor from Bill Cush on July 14, 1860. By that date he was back in Northwest Arkansas working as a newspaperman. The letter, describing the commencement exercises at Cane Hill College, reveals Quesenbury's ironic wit and his flair for description. Here is what he wrote about the band:

> *As soon as a tune was announced, they went at it... One of the young men had a couple of large brass dishes, another a*

thundering big drum... and several had horns about the size of ordinary gum-logs. Indeed, at the end of each tune they laid them down and crawled into them and rested... (He claimed that as a result of this concert, some Fayetteville people had decided to form a brass band.) ... *and every night the deep coughs and sputtering of the hautbois and kindred instruments may be heard.*[2]

Practically everyone who wrote about Quesenbury regarded him as an artist. He was on the faculty of Cane Hill College between 1876-1878 as Instructor in Painting.[3] His artistic talents are part of Arkansas lore. Many early historians of the state have attested to his ability.

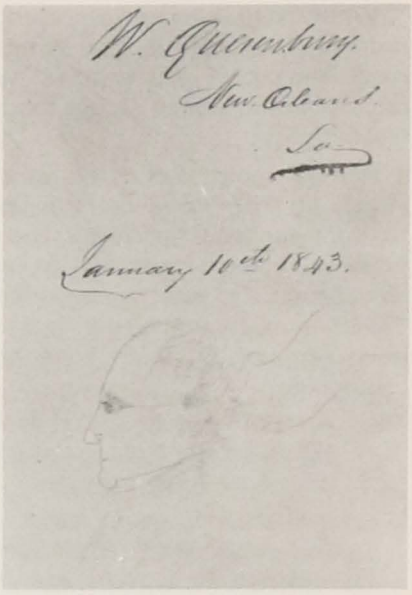
Major Quesenbury was possessed of remarkable gifts as a cartoonist and caricaturist. His crayon drawings... were strangely grotesque, and were generally of Indian subjects with exaggerated features... it was his custom to paste... pictures about the walls of his room and even on the ceiling, until both wall and ceiling would be hidden by the accumulation of sketches.[4]

Unfortunately, most of the evidence to support his reputation as an artist has not survived. William S. Campbell credits him with the drawings of Arkansas College and the Fayetteville Female Seminary used in his history of Fayetteville.[5] The Washington County Historical Society possesses photographs of two portraits, of Rev. and Mrs. F.R. Earle of Cane Hill, attributed to Quesenbury.

Besides these more conventional examples of his art, a few of Bill Cush's caricatures have also been preserved. A series of articles entitled "Bill Cush, Early Individualist" appeared in the *Gazette* in 1940.[4] According to the author, Lucile Price Turner, only one of his caricatures was extant at that time. It was used to illustrate the first article in the series: a grotesque Cyclops with protruding ears, jagged, fang-like teeth and bristling hair, whiskers and (a single) eyebrow. The sketch is signed "Old Bill Cush," and dated Sunday, Aug. 11, 1878, in a rather florid hand. Mrs. Turner wrote that the drawing "is taken from the fly-leaf of an old copy of The Arabian Nights belonging to Mrs. Ashton Vincenheller."

Other Bill Cush drawings have recently been discovered in a book in the Rare Books Collection of the University

of Arkansas library. The book is Howitt's *The Rural Life of England* (1841). Bound in blue cloth and stamped with gilt crown and garlands, the book's bright yellow endpapers are inscribed W. Quesenbury, New Orleans, La. January 10th, 1843. The endpapers contain numerous pen and pencil sketches. At the front of the book these resemble the profile drawings doodled in innumerable schoolbooks, of ladies in several kinds of hats, or men with spectacles, mustaches, or whiskers.



The end-papers at the back of the book, however, are decorated with fantastic figures with exaggerated and somewhat simian features. The two most striking drawings are reproduced here. One is a figure of an armless man in a cut-away coat, the full face turned on an abnormally long neck. Two tufts of hair and a curly goatee give him a decidedly diabolic appearance.

The other figure defies verbal description. The head is dominated by huge ears and nose; from the forehead streams a single lock of hair; from the chin, a parallel goatee. A long curving neck blends into what can only be a naked thigh — no torso, no arms.

What these drawings represent can only be guessed. Near a few of the more realistic profiles a few scraps of writing can be seen, though scarcely read. The words appear to be names, but only "Billy" is legible. At any rate, this dated piece shows the fertile imagination of the twenty-year-old Quesenbury.

His real reputation as an artist dates from slightly later, and is based largely on his editorial cartoons in Arkansas newspapers. Having returned to Arkansas from fighting in the Mexican war, he settled in 1847 in Fayetteville.[7] Here he became associated with the newspaper business. He established the *Southwest Independent,* and published it from 1854 to 1856.[8] Later, he replaced E.C. Boudinot as editor of *The Arkansian.* In the issue of June 8, 1860, he printed an explanation under the headline "Remarks:"

> *A month or two since, we took a final farewell of* The Arkansian. *Our valedictory... ended with an appeal for all who owed the paper to pay up. ...*
>
> *Last week the printers... entreated our services. Boudinot had gone; and... not a human being of all Athens would condescend, or exalt himself, to edit the paper. ...*
>
> *We were in a network of perplexity. Our feelings were precisely those of Lady Jane Grey when the kneeling nobles besought her to accept the crown. We followed the example of that matchless, stainless woman, — and hence these pertinent words along here.*
>
> *As to laying a head across a block, we'd die first. ... So politicians, beware ! If any Jacksonian objects to what these columns utter let him take revenge out of a Hindmanite; if a Hindmanite is dissatisfied, let him make onslaught on a Johnsonian. ...*
>
> *We have made a paper this week somewhat after the fashion of the old* Independent. *Our friends of all parties will recognize "The features that joy used to wear."*
>
> *W. Quesenbury.*

The same issue of *The Arkansian* (June 8, 1860) contained the caricatures frequently cited in the early histories of the state. They illustrated an analysis of the gubernatorial race then under way, printed under the dramatic headline "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." The article is an extended example of Quesenbury's pseudo-bombastic style — he uses the high tone and flourishes of contemporary political rhetoric, but punctuates them with flashes of his satiric wit.

In a memoir of Quesenbury published after his death, J.H. Van Hoose recalled the article:

> *E.C. Boudinot had been called from the...* Arkansian... *to take charge of the* True Democrat *which at that time had for its*

main object to down T.C. Hindman and elect Dick Johnson governor. Boudinot had spoken to Quesenbury to assist... the Arkansian *during his absence, charging him not to have anything to do with politics. Boudinot knew Cush to be an uncompromising Whig and he was afraid to trust the politics of the paper to him.*[9]

Cush's piece on the governor's race, with its accompanying illustrations, has been cited, usually inaccurately, by many historians of the early days. We are told that the woodcuts were "copied into numerous leading newspapers."[10] *Early Days in Arkansas,* by William F. Pope, contains a description of the piece, but it bears only a slight resemblance to the drawings.[11] There has also been some confusion as to which newspaper carried the article. The microfilm copy of *The Arkansian* for Friday, June 8, 1860 has yielded the text and drawings presented in this essay.

The article abounds with allusions to the political arena of the day. A few brief explanations might clarify some of them. Richard H. Johnson was the younger brother of Sen. Robert W. Johnson, leader of the "family" that dominated Arkansas politics. By March, 1860, Richard Johnson had been endorsed by several county Democratic conventions, as a candidate for governor. He secured the nomination over the strong opposition of the Hindman faction of the party. During the campaign rumor had it that "Johnson had boasted that he could buy the vote of the mechanics of Little Rock with a few drinks of whiskey."[12] He claimed to be a native Arkansan.[13]

Christopher Danley was editor of the *Gazette and Democrat*, who became disgusted with the Democratic party in the state, and dropped the word "Democrat" from his paper in 1859.[14]

Henry M. Rector announced his candidacy a few weeks after the convention. A disaffected member of the Johnson "family," he objected to the way the family had conducted the convention. His family were noted for their height and their long hair.

Judge Thomas Hubbard of Hempstead County was the candidate of the Union party.

Rector won the election.

Quesenbury's satiric article reads:

Choose ye this day Whom ye will Serve.

Fellow Citizens: — Wives, children, and Liberty are calling to us. The country is on the precipice of ruin — the ship of state nears the vortex of destruction — tyrants are standing around with fetters to bind us, and so forth.

Three prominent candidates... now are raging round the country, — and our heart approbates our course by several strong and quick throbs.

It may not be transgressing the bounds of modesty to inform our

readers how immense the labor we have undergone, how heavy the expense we have borne, in getting up the materials for this article. The engravings, the acme of line and stipple,... cost a sum that could be afforded by no other publishing office in Arkansas — a sum which would defray the expenses of the three Little Rock papers for a year — and drive a stingy man into insanity. It is becoming, in passing, to mention in a sentence, the beauties of the portraits. The great skill of the artists is manifest especially in three points, strength of light, depth of shade, and vigor of outline. The originals of the engravings, as everyone can see at a glance, were photographs — and these were furnished by the celebrated Hinds of Little Rock. Mr. Hinds has three times taken medals over Brady in exhibitions in New York, Philadelphia and Washington.

The biographical remarks are based upon information derived from the gentlemen to whom they refer, themselves, and from old family records to which we have had access.

The first whom we shall present as desiring to be a Governor of Arkansas is THOMAS HUBBARD, ESQ. And it may be mentioned as a noteworthy and rare coincidence that the three aspirants, Thomas Hubbard, Richard Johnson, and Henry Rector, divested of their patronymics, form an expression as familiar as any in the English language. We repeat it respectfully:

TOM, DICK, AND HARRY:

How convenient! An Arkansan traveling abroad when asked who are running for the governorship of his state can reply, Tom, Dick, and Harry. And at home the query, "Are you going to vote for Tom, Dick, or Harry," will be the handiest expression of the tongue.

Judge Hubbard is the son of "Old Mother Hubbard"... It is not necessary to recapitulate all the incidents of the life of the distinguished candidate. We leave them to history. It must content us to remark that he did **Not** *accompany a circus a year or two since in the character of the Living Skeleton... To his immediate friends the supposition is ridiculous. They know his stomachic propensities preclude it. Indeed the great mystery to the world, as to what became of the bone which Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to get, is perfectly apparent... Tom had eaten the bone!*

The ancestry of Judge Hubbard dates back to Willima the Conqueror. There were bards in those days. One of them had a terrific voice. It resembled the loud screech of a chariot hub, hence hub-bard. The bard was the progenitor of the Judge.

We now turn to the renowned RICHARD H. JOHNSON. Mr. Johnson is an Indian. He belongs to the Shawnee tribe, and is a grand son of the celebrated Chief, Tecumseh, who was killed forty-seven years ago, come October, in a fight on the River Thames near London. Boudinot must have thought it very unfair that the Hindmanities should shriek 'Injun' at him all the time and Dick Johnson none. He conceived the place of editor of the True Democrat *conferred immunity from the silly taunt; hence his becoming editor of that paper. Mr. Johnson is much more of an Indian than Boudinot. This is indicated by his physiognomy and complexion. Both the gentlemen — they are full cousins — speak the language of their fathers fluently, especially when tight run for English words. They are both great on a war-dance, and Mr. Johnson can give to perfection the same blood chilling war whoop that made his grandfather terrible...*

Quitting his tribe, he immigrated at an early day to Arkansas. He became editor of the True Democrat. *The natural instincts of his tribe never forsook him. We never saw such onslaughts as he made upon his enemies. At an early day, he tomahawked Danley, the latter being overpowered by an innumerable horde of redskins... Danley was not killed — he was only stunned. On recovering he found his hair gone. He now wears a wig. Why the man has not been scalped, flayed and burnt long before now, is the most astonishing mystery of the day.*

...We have now given the leading incidents of Mr. Johnson's life. That he **deserves** *to be Governor few can doubt after reading them. He will not be much loser even if unsuccessful. Throughout the whole state there is a mournful and heavy list of delinquent subscribers of the* True Democrat. *These Mr. Johnson has twofold claims upon. These are expected to pay him or vote for him... This condition of things gives him incalculable advantage over his opponents. Be their merits what they may, money is weightier. Let every man mentioned in the category come to the speaking on the 19th prepared to pay up or pledge. Envied Dick! He is bound to be governor, or get home with a immense sum of money.*

From the engraving it will be seen that Mr. Johnson is in proximity to a barrel... His enemies will lyingly cry out "emblematic!" Mr. J. carries the barrel along to put the dollars in which his old subscribers fork to him. He is represented sitting upon it and delivering one of his most telling speeches against his competitors. — "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

It is with feelings of reverence that we approach the remaining candidate and last subject of our illustrations: HON. HENRY M. RECTOR. This distinguished gentleman was never subjected to many of the disadvantages of education. He is according to the Old Liner, *a native Arkansian, — being born in Missouri before 1819 — just as many are native Kentuckians who were born in Virginia east of the Blue Ridge before '93, or natives of the State of Louisiana who were born at St. Genevieve or St. Louis before 1812.*

When the Mormon king of England organized, or reorganized, the Church in his realm, a great many of the Judge's ancestors in the different parishes were appointed rectors. They took the name of their calling. Their descendants emigrated to other countries. Some of them made their way to Arkansas and Missouri, where, finding no Established Church, they betook them to such congenial pursuits as harmonized with the mode of their past lives. Government offices presented inducements to exercises of morality and virtue. Even now the Judge, as a soldier-priest of other times — is more than half devoted to piety: — and the plain expression of his countenance indicates the calm within — that his heart is not upon the things of this world; and the oft upturned eye betokens his secret yearning for his home beyond the skies.

Fellow Citizens: — The three candidates are before you. The qualifications of each are so eminent that one can make a selection but on the brink of distraction. Every voter has before him a dilemma of three horns, — or, not to talk Irish — a trilemma. Fast and pray, and make your decision in view of the awful responsibility that presses upon you. It might do to throw up heads and tails, only coin has but two sides, and one of the aspirants would not have a fair show.

The Civil War brought an end to the *Arkansian,* and Bill Cush went into the Confederate Army as quartermaster to Albert Pike. After the war he went to Texas, living at Bonham and at Navasota, where he edited the Navasota *Tablet.* However, he maintained many personal connections in Arkansas.[15]

In 1976-1878 Quesenbury is listed in the Cane Hill College catalogs as instructor in drawing and painting. Mrs. Ellen Richardson writes that he had ten pupils. The family lived for a time in the White Church neighborhood, and later in Fayetteville.[16]

In 1878, he was in Hot Springs to read his poem *Arkansas* before the Editorial Convention. This long poem described, in eighteen stanzas of various length, the physical, political, and social attributes of the state. This is the stanza about Fayetteville:

Whose name is first? — 'tis Fayetteville's,
That shining virgin of the hills.
Thrice beautiful! — but wherefore dwell
On attributes all know so well? —
A city set upon a hill
Cannot be hid: distincter still
Our northern Athens flaunts herself
Upon her elevated shelf;
For though so high on mountain prop
She bears a mighty Hill atop.[17]

Quesenbury remained a favorite in Fayetteville for a long time after his departure. He died in Neosho, Mo. in 1888. During the Centennial observance at Fayetteville in 1928, a bronze marker* was laid at the Quesenbury -Hill home on S. Duncan, (no longer standing)[18] which indicates that it had been his home from 1847 - 1865.

Notes

Editor's Note: The drawings used in the article were prepared from the published originals by Carol Woodward.

[1]*Arkansas Gazette,* "Chronicles of Arkansas," Monday, Nov. 28, 1960. The letter was addressed to Judge Jesse Turner of Van Buren and dated Sacramento City, May 31, 1851.

[2]Reprinted in *"Chronicles of Arkansas,"* Wednesday, Feb. 18, 1959.

[3]Catalogues of Cane Hill College for the years 1876-7, 1977-8, reproduced in Robert Harold Basham, "A History of Cane Hill College in Arkansas" (unpub. dissertation, University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, 1969), Appendices E, F, pp. 317, 325.

[4]Fay Hempstead, *Pictorial History of Arkansas* (St. Louis and New York: N.D. Thompson Publishing Company, 1890), p. 1103.

[5]William S. Campbell, *One Hundred Years of Fayetteville, 1828-1928* (Jefferson City, Mo., 1929), p. 107.

[6]*Arkansas Gazette,* Sunday Magazine Section, Nov. 10, Nov. 17, Nov. 24, Dec. 1, 1940.

[7]*Ibid.*, Nov. 17, 1940, p. 2.

[8]Campbell, p. 12.

[9]*Arkansas Sentinel,* (Fayetteville, Sept. 25, 1888), p. 1.

[10]Hempstead, p. 1102.

[11]*Early Days in Arkansas* (Little Rock, Frederick W. Allsopp, Publisher, 1895), pp. 131-132.

[12]Harold Truman Smith, *"Arkansas Politics, 1850-1861"* (unpub. thesis, Memphis State University, 1964), p. 76.

[13]*Ibid.*, p. 75

[14]*Ibid.*, p. 71.

[15]Turner, *Gazette* (Sunday, Nov. 24, 1940), pp. 2, 10.

[16]Ellen Earle Richardson, *Early Settlers of Cane Hill* (Fayetteville, Washington County Historical Society, Bulletin No. 9, 1955), p. 61.

[17]*Arkansas: A Poem* (Little Rock, A.H. Sevier, proprietor, "Gazette," 1879), p. 29.

[18]Jack F. Diggs, "Fayetteville Observes Its Centennial: 1928," *Flashback,* vol. 28, no. 2 (May, 1978), p. 6.

**Editor's Note: With a little detective work the marker can be found today on the corner of the lot at 15 S. Duncan where Quesenbury's house once stood. It reads, in part:*

1847-1865
This was the home of William Quesenbury
Editor, Humorist, Cartoonist,
Artist, Musician, Poet.
Quartermaster of Yell's Regiment in Mexican War.
Quartermaster under General Albert Pike in War Between the States.

FROM OUR FILES

Long before 1979, the life and works of William Quesenbury were not strangers to the pages of *Flashback.* A reminiscence of Bill, featuring some personal poetry, was written by Rowena Gallaway for the October, 1958 issue. Quesenbury's poem below, with its notation, was printed in February, 1969.

Among the limited number of personal papers of Jonas Tebbett know to exist is a poem by William Quesenbury ("Bill Cush"), dated February 22, 1861, at Fayetteville. It bears the title "Let Us Meet at Washington's Grave" and is in Quesenbury's handwriting. At the end is a note: "Tebbetts My Dear Friend: The Union spirit came over me powerfully yesterday. Whether the foregoing will convey an idea of the state I was in, I can't say. I have sent it off for publication. Ever and since early yours, W.Q."

Let Us Meet at Washington's Grave

Let us meet at Washington's grave,
Oh brother, of Washington's land,—
With a kind and brotherly heart
I give thee a brotherly hand:—
Shall the hallowed Past be forgot—
All swept in oblivion's deeps?—
Oh turn not away from the spot
Where Father Washington sleeps!

Forget if thou canst where he led,—
The fields where his followers lie,—
The true-hearted freemen that bled,
Oh brother, for you and I!
'Twas next to Salvation the boon
Their blood and their sufferings gave,—
Shall their memories perish thus soon?
Let us meet at Washington's grave!

By the gore of Bunker Hill's height,
And havoc of Guildord's sad day,
By the death-work of Stony Point's night,
And York's triumphant array;—
By the tracks in the flint-frozen earth,—
By the unburied bones of the brave,—
By the moans at the desolate hearth,
Let us meet at Washington's grave!

By the souls which mid the dark strife
Burned bright with Liberty's fires,—
By the mothers whose breasts gave us life,—
By the prayers and hopes of the good,
Oh let us not ruin but save,—
Let us stay war's red-rushing flood—
Let us meet at Washington's grave!

From the bleak, barren hills of the North,
From the bright flashing streams of the West,
From the South's teeming furrow, stand forth,
Oh brother, with peace-loving heart;
By the mercies of Heaven above
Let the Star-spangled Banner yet wave,—
Let us bury our feuds in our love—
Let us meet at Washington's grave.

QUERIES

Sue Snider, 10065 LaHontan, Boise, Idaho 83709, would like information about her great-grandfather, Holman Quillin. Born in 1830, possibly in Tennessee, he was married to Mary Curtis in Hempstead County, Arkansas, 12/24/1861. He died in Union County and is buried in New Hope Cemetery near Hope. Holman and Mary Quillan had at least ten children, one being George P. Quillin, born in Springhill, Arkansas, 10/21/1877.

Mrs. S.P. Herron, Box 784, Haskell, Texas 79521, is looking for information about James O'Mohundro's family and that of his wife, Millie Tolla Phillips.

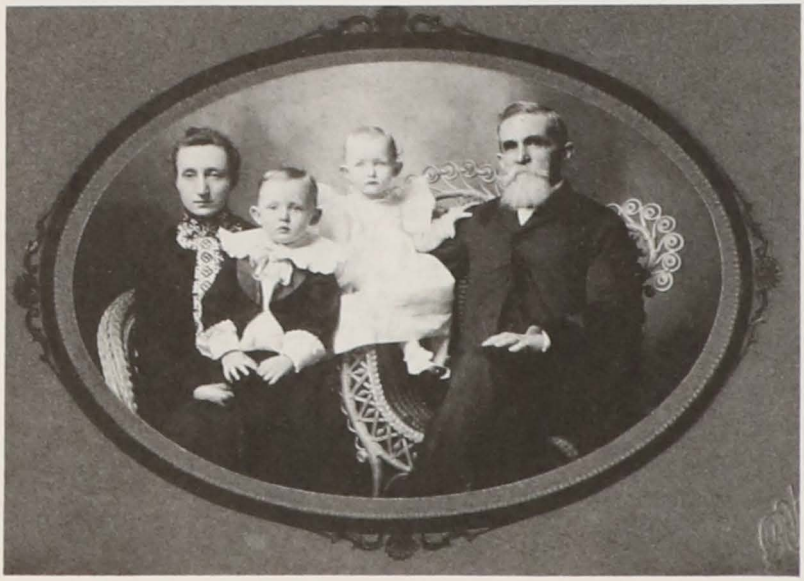
Dorothy Byrum Keck, 1514 McPherson, Richland, Washington 99352, is seeking the following information: The birthplace of John Isaac Byrum, b. 1894 to Albert and Mary Byrum; the birth dates and date and places of death for John and Violena Byrum; and Violena Byrum's maiden name; any information about Mary Martha Lucretia Melvina Barnes Byrum, or her parents, Luke and ? Barnes. She would also like to know the burial places of Viola Southern Davis, Stephen Marion Southern, Sarah Ann Hudson Barnes Southern, John & Catherine Elkins Davis, and Nathan and Matilda Bloyed Caughman.

Troy S. Tuggle, 56 River Drive, King City, Calif. 93930, still seeks information about John Rollin Ridge, and/or his wife, Elizabeth Adelaide Wilson Ridge, who lived in Fayetteville in the 1840's before moving to California. Prior to this, both perhaps lived in the Osage Prairie area near Bentonville, near Cephas Washburn, the missionary. Particularly, Elizabeth's family, the Wilsons (presumably of Fayetteville), is a mystery! Which Wilsons were they? Thank you, anybody.

Patricia Elaine Elsass, 10920 East 3rd St., Tulsa, OK 74128, is trying to fill the gaps in her information on the Quick family. James W. Quick, Sr., born in Edgar Co., Illinois, 3 January, 1831-37 (?), married Mary E. Hunt (or Hurt?) in 1858; they had at least seven children. Of these children, James W. Quick, Jr. (born 1866) is last known in California, and dates of death for Richard S. Quick (born 1871) and William R. Quick (born 1873) are unknown. James W. Quick, Sr., married a second (or possibly a third) time in the late 1890's. This wife, Celia Ann Cowen, apparently had three other husbands in her lifetime (Fritz, Wilson, and Horn). There were at least seven children from the Quick-Cowen marriage. Of these children, there is no information on Vestia Quick Powers (last known in Hillsboro, TX) nor a date of death for Andrew S. Quick (born 1896). Ms. Elsass also notes that the Quick families operated a blacksmith shop in a section of

(Cont. on p. 18)

If you recognize any of these people or places, contact the *Flashback* with details.



Unidentified photographs from the

DOLLY SITTON BENTLEY PHOTOGRAPHIC COLLECTION

Queries *(cont. from p. 15)*

Fayetteville known as Quicktown (near the intersection of Government Avenue and 6th St.). The blacksmith shop was in operation in the early 1900's, so perhaps it will be remembered.

Ouida Hunter Harkreader, 1614 Chickasaw, Ardmore, Oklahoma 73401, would like to know the names of the parents of Peter Mankin, Sr. and of Narcissa Mills, wife of Peter Mankin, Jr. She also would like information on Rachel Bracken Mankin, first wife of Peter Mankin, Sr., and George and William R. Ballard. The Ballards married Mankin sisters, Sarah and Rachel.

Earl S. McKenzie, 56 Byran St., Pryor, Oklahoma 74361, would like information about his grandfather, John A. (or Q.) McKenzie (or McKinsey), b 1863-64. He resided in 1883 at Carter's Store, Washington Co., Arkansas. On 4 Feb. 1883 he married Tabitha Temperance ("Tempe") Williams, also a resident of Carter's Store. The John McKenzie family moved to Boatman, Mayes Co., Oklahoma, in 1900 or after. All four children were born in Washington Co., Arkansas: dau. Hattie B. 1885, dau. Pearl (?) 1889, son Orva Jason 14 Aug. 1897, son Newton ("Newtie") died as a young child (?) in Arkansas. John McKenzie worked at the carpenter trade. He later remarried and had a second family. The date and place of his death are unknown.

Tabitha Williams was born 15 June 1864, perhaps in Washington County. Her parents were Oliver Williams and Jennie (West) Williams and her brothers Lewis (?) and "Dick" (?) Williams. She may have had a sister who was blind: braille books were burned in a house fire at Tabitha McKenzie's home in the 1930's in Oklahoma.

Sift thru

Those Old Storeroom Treasures for Flashback

LIBRARY NEWS & NOTES

KEITH KINFOLKS, by Larry King. (Hendersonville, TN, 1979), xvi + 363 pp, hdbd, $25. (Order from Larry King, 100 Longview Drive — Longview Acres, Hendersonville, TN 37075.)

We all know about not judging a book by its cover. It may be easier to be tolerant of an unattractive book than to be hard-nosed about one with very nice covers indeed. *Keith Kinfolks,* by Larry King (also the author of *Blue Ridge Mountain Kinfolks),* is beautiful: hardbound, typeset, printed on good paper, and loaded with photographs. It is so attractive that a non-genealogist can easily spend several hours with it. Of particular interest are the photographs (especially the old ones) and the general historical information. In some cases even family legends are recounted, making for fascinating reading.

But is it a good genealogy book? It appears to be. A bibliography of 32 entries is included. It is remarkably easy to find any person in the book, even without reading the few papges of prefatory material. The 53-page index of all the variations of each person's name appears to be accurate: a random check of over 20 names revealed only one minor possible error (Ada May Kirby, who married H.S. Lowe, is listed in the index as "Lowe, Ada Keith"; she is also listed under "Kirby", however). The numbering system for all people given biographical entries is straightforward and easy to use. Dates are written as day, three-letter abbreviation for month, then year, with no spaces between (28Feb1790, 13Jun1939, etc.), thus clearly distinguishing dates from other numerals used. Most abbreviations are obvious, and there is an easily understood explanation of abbreviations and symbols in the prefatory material.

The two columns of text per page are separated by a vertical line. There is some awkwardness when a full-width photograph appears in the middle of the page (and there are many of them) — my eyes kept wanting to finish the left-hand column before starting the right-hand one.

Keith Kinfolks is by no means a record of all Keiths, but rather of the proven descendants (and their spouses) of James Keith, Sr., who was brought to America about 1719. Many of these descendants live or have lived in northwest Arkansas. Mr. King is continuing his search for the parents, brothers and sisters of James Keith, Sr., and their descendants, and is planning other Keith family histories. He would very much like to hear from interested Keiths and Keith descendants. — N. Lawler

Researching Arkansas History, A Beginning Guide, by Tom Dillard and Valerie Thwing. Rose Publishing Co., Little Rock, Arkansas (1979) 64p.

Tom Dillard, currently the planner for the Arkansas Department of Parks and Tourism, was formerly the editor of the Pulaski County Historical Society's journal. The PCHS sponsored the book's publication. Valerie Thwing is the Assistant Reference and Interlibrary Loan Librarian at the Central Arkansas Library System (Little Rock Public Library). Both authors have worked closely with the research problems of Arkansas history. *Researching Arkansas History, a Beginner's Guide* was written out of their conviction that Arkansans have not only neglected their history, but have been limited in their capacity to remedy the neglect. Chapters cover such topics as: municipal and county records, the Arkansas History Commission, University of Arkansas Special Collections, oral history research, black history sources, geneology, and the historiography of Arkansas historic literature. The text is concise and lucid. Any researcher who has been interested in pursuing an Arkansas related writing project, as well as the general reader, should find this timely handbook a welcome addition to our library.

The following is an excerpt from the obituary eulogy written by Albert Pike on the death of William Quesenbury. The undated newspaper clipping from which this excerpt is taken can be seen in the WCHS Tom Feather's Memorial Library.

...As a writer he was strikingly original, expressing his opinions and fancies in clear, strong pure, epigrammatic English. He thought well and wrote well, when some grotesque conception did not become his master and lead him into extravagancies. I do not know where he got his command of language. No man ever wrote me such letters, so quaint and forcible, so full of acute remarks and bold expressions of opinion, of exuberant mirthfulness and queer fancies and grave reflections and sagacious axioms, expressed in incomparable language. I have preserved many of them: and if I had, as I at first intended, copied one of them as an introduction to the tribute of affection, the reader would have better known what William Quesenbury was, in his very inmost self and in his outward expression, than any one can learn by any description of his character in the power of words to give.....

track came in over a ridge, struck the river, saw a man, learned from him that we had to cross the river. Went down to the ferry. It was half a wagon body. Concluded to wait till morning. Went out and took down the river at the foot of the hills. Found bad grass after hunting down and nearly back for a mile.

Before we got the ferry, Old Nelly Dog and Strickler's pony took a miring fit.

August 2 (Friday)

Mr. Mitchell was up before day cooking. Got to the ferry before anyone else. Crossed over safe. Strickler got a little bacon from a man at 37½ cents. Kept from the river till we struck the road which showed more signs of emigration than the one we had left. Searched along the sloughs for grass. Crossed one, found a willow bridge over another and good grass. Nooned a long time, letting our animals fill up.

The road this evening kept down the river. It was unusually thronged with wagons. I notice a great many had animals along. The water is bad, causing our horses to urinate continually. Took a new cut which led us among sloughs and from which we got to the highland with difficulty. Camped without grass near the slough. Two Yankees were just above us and some packers and wagons below and to our right. Found they were Arkansas men and that Wm. Rutherford was with them. Tebbett's team was along. Wm. Rutherford came down to see us — he was up feeding horses and talked till ten or eleven. He gave us some grass which he had got by swimming the river.

"Dog" got mired again today as we left our nooning place.

NOTE: In a rare exception Quesenbury made no entry in the diary for August 3 (Saturday).

August 4 (Sunday)

"Dog" mired again this morning, but we got him out and started. As yesterday, parts of the road were very sandy. After going till near eleven the prospect for water and grass being very bad we turned to the left for the river which we reached after a long, hot ride. Made coffee for nooning.

Some packmen nooned below us, grazing their horses on the salt grass we had been careful to avoid. The river bends to the left and we struck out across the bend. Our way was very sandy. Turned in to the left and camped under a sand bank on a slough, cutting grass for our horses with our knives.

August 5 (Monday)

Cut grass again. Started and came to the road about three miles below. We counted 21 dead animals within a few hundred yards of each other.

There has been more destruction of property along the road here than at any point we have seen. Hats, boots, shoes, tents, wagons, wagon covers, stoves, clothing, everything of the kind lie strewn thick along.

Saw the grave of a little child, aged 3 yr., on the side of the road. The rabbits or some animals had scratched most of the sand away and the head board was all that told there was a grave there.

Turned in at noon. I swam the river for grass, cutting it with my knife. It took six trips to get it over — pulled it over with our lariats.

Saw Rutherford's company again this evening. They were packing. Pushed on to get to the sink. Rode till ten o'clock and laid down, hitching our animals to the small artemesia around.

August 6 (Tuesday)

Disturbed all night by trains that were passing. One chap enquired if we had seen anthing of the sink go by, and at daybreak another came up and told us it was day.

Went on a short distance and turned in to the river found a narrow bottom with some bridges over sloughs, we took our animals over them. Pulled up some grass. Nooned a long time, made coffee, baked bread.

People were passing continually on the other side. One chap told us he had found a piece of gold. I washed a pan of sand, but found no gold.

Struck out for the road. Saw two packmen going back. They were from California. Rode back a mile talking with one. Took me some time to catch up.

Turned in to the river again. Found a company of packmen there one of whom was an old friend of Col. Rector since they were schoolmates together. He was asking me of Maj. Rector.

Got in the bend of the river behind sloughs again. Our N.Y. friends have broke their gun off at the breech and offer it for a pound of flour, it cost $75. Our place is very miry and the mosquitoes more ravenous than ever were seen before.

NOTE: Although the trains were worrisome, the packmen avoided the outbreak of cholera which struck McNair's old company now commanded by T.F. Taylor. On this date R.J. Meigs was taken sick with the cholera and about 9 o'clock the same evening he died, and was buried the next morning. John Clark took charge of Meigs' wagon and other effects. Several others in the train contracted the disease and died and still others recovered.

August 7 (Wednesday)

Late start owing to the thinness of grass, to the scarcity of wood and to the biting of mosquitoes. We were bit last night till after midnight. No sleep till then. Made again for the grass above the sink. Came to the slough with some cold springs near it and quantities of dead stock in it.

Met a couple of returning Californians. Rode back a couple of hundred yards with them.

Came to the beef market under stretched wagon sheets. Good beef sold at from 20 to 40 cents. Poor at from 15 to 25 cents. Got a mess of the poor. Started for grass across the sloughs and found that the beef man had told a lie. Cooked a snack, returned to the beef market and bought a bundle of grass for each of our animals. Came on and camped on the left of the river, better grass than we have had for some time but Strickler and myself went down into the ..... and cut a load for the little mule which we had to pack ourselves ..... it getting away and running back to camp.

August 8 (Thursday)

Moved lower down in the grass cutting region. Saw a Negro of Rollin Ridge's who told us Maj. Rector and his crowd had just left.

A man gave me a reap hook. Strickler reaped the grass. Parched coffee and ground it. Found a stove near by which we used.

NOTE: Rollin Ridge was John Rollin Ridge, son of John and Sarah Bird Northrup Ridge. He wrote a long description of his trip to California which has been published by Flashback (February, 1978).

August 9 (Friday)

Recruiting our animals today. A great many teams have left and have left a great many things — ovens. skillets, tents, wagon sheets, scythes, books, horse shoes, hobbles, stoves, ropes, clothes, etc., etc.

Got the bottom of a wagon body and made a shade for us. Got a skillet and baked bread on the stove.

August 10 (Saturday)

Started tolerably early. The road leads due North; about 4 miles, then turns South. The road was freer from dust than usual. Came to a broad sheet of water that was coming over the flat. It was not more than a foot or so deep as far as we rode into it, some fifty yards.

Nooned a short time by the side of the lake. Came on to the lake that everybody called the sink of the river. Went a mile or more down it and camped. Left my boots in the lake where I went out to get water. They stuck in mud and pulled from my feet.

Wood was very scarce. We got an axle tree, a scythe — and a few other abandoned things by hunting over the whole country around.

August 11 (Sunday)

Got up before day. Fed away the last blade of grass we packed yesterday and by fifteen minutes before sunrise were on our way.

The road turned to the right around a water country, and after five or six miles we came to a slough too deep to ford with our packs. We stripped our animals and carried our things over on our shoulders. Then went ahead in the desert. Saw a vast, bare plain before us which we took to be

a lake, but as we came near found nothing but a dry desolate plain.

The destruction of property from wagons, down to every article of an outfit has been immense. Vast quantities of animals lie dead on the road. Some are dying, some standing.

We nooned for a few minutes about twelve o'clock, drinking the coffee we prepared last night.

An unusual number of wagons have been abandoned at the first sand ridge and for a few miles beyond it. Came to a slat well from which we watered our animals. Many emigrants are lying in the desert, having sent their teams to the river. About an hour by sun came to a water wagon. The price was a dollar a gallon. Went on and came to another. The price was 75 cents a gallon. Remained twenty minutes resting our animals. We were then just entering the sand. Asked every man we met how far it was to the river and no two agreed.

The sand continued heavy and deep till we reached the Carson River which was just at moon down.

Editor's Note: The party is now in Western Nevada near the California border.

Went above the trains and trading establishments, ate a snack and lay down for the night after feeding and tying our horses. Our grass was bought from a grass thief at 25 cents a bundle.

I counted today since we left the sink four hundred and fifty-four dead animals.

August 12 (Monday)

Got breakfast and went up the river about four miles. Bought seven lbs. of beef on the way. Turned in to the river to rest and graze our animals.

After waiting three or four hours we packed up and went up the river two miles; crossed over safe by raising our packs and found good grass. We camped under some large cottonwoods. A great many persons have their animals over here; a great many are cutting and drying grass for long, dry stretches ahead. We are crowded with men, horses and cattle.

I was told this evening that Maj. Rector took the Trucky Road at the sink a day or so ago.

August 13 (Tuesday)

Packed up and crossed back; in two miles we left the river and struck over the hills, coming to the river again in about fifteen miles. Saw some packmen under some cottonwoods who told us the river was swimming. Went on a hundred yards and passed other packmen who told us the river was not belly deep. Crossed over under their directions. The grass was not good, but a long stretch was ahead and we concluded to stop for the night making our camp under large cottonwoods again. Wood plenty, water handy. Commenced preparations before day and by sunrise we were on our way. Some packmen came to our camp as we were about leaving.

Bought some dried apples in the desert from four men who abandoned their wagon and were selling off their surplus to pack.

Got me a very good pair of boots at an abandoned wagon. Strickler got him a pair.

Came to the river at half past one or two, forded over, went up half a mile and unpacked for nooning. My mules both wallowed after crossing the river. We then made two or three miles and commenced hunting grass. Found some which we thought would do across a slough. Went round by the river, watered our animals, got camp water and unpacked under a cottonwood. Strickler found better grass on an island in the slough to which we took our horses. After supper I took my blankets and went over and slept by the horses.

August 15 (Thursday)

My pony, Dog, was gone this morning. I found him down the slough. Soon after leaving camp we scared up two sage hens. Followed after them. Shot and missed. Followed again and killed them both at one shot, flying.

Crossed over to the road, the ford was rocky and the river had the appearance of a mountain stream.

Crossed the 12 mile desert and came to the river. Nooned above a trading thief's establishment on the flat. Grass very bad. The road then turned to the left and went eight miles before coming to the river again. In about a mile after it did, we camped in good grass to the left. An Illinois packman camped with us. Water very handy, wood very unhandy.

August 16 (Friday)

Left soon after sunrise. Came to a trader's, pork still $1.25; flour $2.00. Strickler left his gun and had to go back for it. We grazed our animals whilst he was gone.

Passed the Mormon's Station and turned to the left for nooning. Whilst lying on the grass, two men came by, one of whom was from Arkansas. They gave us a great deal of information about the mines; told us of some of our friends; showed us some gold dust and remained chatting about an hour, then went on to meet their friends.

Continued up the river valley till camping time when we turned towards the mountains on the right and camped on a moist slope among warm and cold springs. Grass and wood good.

August 17 (Saturday)

Early start, in about seven miles we came to the canyon, and by half past one p.m. we got through it. The road was the most rugged we have passed over and from the wrecks of wagons, it must be destructive on such property.

We have had good water today, fresh from snows and we have traveled

through some timber and have seen some of the largest trees that we ever saw anywhere.

Turned to the left, crossed the creek and nooned on the slope of the mountains. Gathered flower seeds while nooning.

The country is still as broken as ever but the road led up the river valley on a tolerable grade. Came to a trader's and bought some beef from him. Went on a mile and camped under pine trees to the left of the road. Our horses are grazing on the flat.

August 18 (Sunday)

Early start. Road rough. Met Magruder on the mountain and we got off our animals and sat down and talked like old friends would. He was on his way to examine the Carson River mines. Remained chatting half an hour with Magruder and then went on. Came to another lake, larger than Red,which we passed this morning. Red Lake is a poor concern — not half what I expected to see. Turned down the lake, last come to for three .... and went up on the mountain side and nooned.

Our road in the evening was still bad, none of it level. About 1/2 past 3 we came to the foot of the highest point we have to pass over. We ascended it. For nearly a mile our way was upon snow, at the lower edges of a long, large snow bank. Crossed over the ridge and hesitated a while about a cut off which I had no idea of taking. Turned to the right down into a valley and after hunting for grass a while, found some that we thought would near a small lake. The wind blew intensely cold before bedtime and we had to destroy some fire that had caught two feet along a log with snow from a bank which lay within ten feet of us.

August 19 (Monday)

Late start. Weather cold till sunrise. I took two sketches.

Started and went up to the road which has improved none since yesterday. Our way has (been) winding up hills, down hills and rocky. About nooning time found two bundles of grass that some person had lost. Gathered on them, and fed them to our animals a mile further on. Passed many trading establishments today. Flour has fallen to 62 ½ cents a lb. We bought some at that price. Came to the Leek Springs *(Editor's note: The party has now crossed into El Dorado County, Calif.)* no grass there; passed them, turned to the left, at the top of the mountain and found good grass on a slope.

The flour we bought is from Chile and makes the whitest bread perhaps I ever saw.

August 20 (Tuesday)

Late start again. The road is still up or down a hill all the time. Came to water at Deep Valley in about eight miles. Two trading posts there.

Ascended the mountain again and turned to the left to noon. Kept down the valley following Strickler who led us nearly back to where we

left Deep Valley. Remained only a short time and took a trail that led us to the top of the mountain again.

The road leads on a ridge all the way we are told to the mines. Turned to the right and camped, cutting oak limbs for feed for our animals. Strickler concluded to go on and get nearer grass. I preferred remaining and letting mine rest, as the road had been bad and I had no idea of going in the night on a rough ground. We divided our provisions and Mr. Mitchell and Strickler went on. After they had gone, I went and talked with some Illinoians about a hundred and fifty yards off; then came back and laid down beneath the pines, solitary and alone — the first night I have been so, since I left home.

August 21 (Wednesday)

My birthday. I am now twenty-eight years old. Got up at daylight, made a cup of coffee and left. Dog ran back to camp after I got into the road and for a long time on the way he was unmanageable. Came about two o'clock to Ismon's ranch — bought hay at 15 cents a lb. — 20 pounds. Sold Dog — the last of Dog.

Went down the branch beyond the ranch and fed myself and mules.

END

(The remainder of the diary pages are devoted to poetry and miscellaneous notes, some made during his trip to the West in 1846 and some after his return to Fayetteville from California.)

"Bill Cush's" most famous poem, *Arkansas,* was printed as a pamphlet of 39 pages. Divided into 18 divisions, the form is rhyming couplets of four stresses each. "These couplets, now grave, now gay, describe the whole of Arkansas, its people; its scenery — mountains, woods and rivers; its cities; with now and then, witty remarks thrown in for good measure."

(From: " 'Bill Cush', Early Individualist", by Lucile Price Turner. A four part series in the *Arkansas Gazette* Sunday magazines of Nov. 10, 1940, Nov. 17, 1940, Nov. 24, 1940, and Dec. 1, 1940. The entire text of this article is on file at the WCHS in the Tom Feather's Memorial Library collection of biographical materials.)

Exhibitors at the Washington County Fair in 1923 received the following instructions for canned fruits: *"Owner's name pasted on bottom of glass or jar, or something to that effect, will be a great help at the last day. Tied tags lose off, and in the hurry it is sometimes hard to get all straight."*

OLD CIRCUIT COURT

by LLOYD MC CONNELL

Judge James M. Pittman served many years on the bench during the 1880's as the Judge of the Washington Circuit Court. In October, 1899, he was ably assisted by S.M. Johnson, as Prosecuting Attorney, Ike G. Combs as Sheriff, and J.P. Scott as the Clerk of the Court.

Coming on to serve as Grand Jurors were citizens John Sanders, J.P. Carnahan, James A. Allen, W.H. Holcomb, J.M. Thurman, J.C. Mitchell (who, being a school director, was excused), H.P. Sloan, Jonathan Foust, A.B. Hale, A. Wagoner, J.G. Ross, J.F. Hodd, Crocket Brown, T.B. Greer, B.F. Johnson, John Kinnebrugh (also excused), and alternates J.D. Powell and A. Barnes. The members of the Grand Jury were chosen by three prominent citizens appointed by the Judge.

Much of the first days of the court were spent in settling cases of civil nature, like wholesalers suing the local merchants for unpaid invoices. Must have been hard times because many of the small merchants were evidently going broke, and judgments were common for amounts less than three hundred dollars.

Following the dismissal or settlement of these financial matters the misdemeanor docket was called and local disturbers were arraigned before the bar to plead or to stand trial for their actions. Church disturbances, drunk at picnics, and wearing pistols were most common — but how was a man going to protect himself in those times if he couldn't carry a gun?

Bert Collier took one look at the petit jury and told the Judge he wanted a change of venue to Benton County. The people he couldn't trust to try him for a misdemeanor were Alfred Strickler, a blacksmith from Cove Creek; T.W. Thompson of Illinois Township, a farmer; W.H. Irvin; Miles Cecil; T.B. Lafferty; Zimri Vaughan of Spring Valley; John McCamish of Morrow; W.M. Lewis; J.M. Peters (another school director); J.N. Mooney; O. Morrell, who stated that he had removed from the county; J.S. Guinn of Winslow; S.H. Slaghter, out past Sons Chapel; J.H. Mannon from down Blackburn way; Samuel Gibson of Summers; T.P. Allison; and W.G. Vincenheller. Mr. Vincenheller sent word he didn't have time to serve and Mr. Judge sent word back that he owed a $10.00 fine.

Alternates called to complete the trial jury were Lee Blakemore; E.Z. Davis, a leather merchant; P.F. Davidson, an ex-soldier; C.R. Benbrook, who also did not show and was fined $10.00; R.L. Boaz of Sulphur City; Hugh Simpson (there were two in the county, one at Evansville and one at Elkins); Ira McCaleb and Wooden Phillips. These were the people Mr. Collier couldn't trust to try his case. The Judge, being kind-hearted and a

good politician, in small writing reduced the excused men's fines from ten dollars to one dollar each.

Thomas Alberty of the west side of the County was charged with murder, and a bond of $750 was set. David Stirman requested that his several cases also be transferred to Benton County, because the people of Washington County were so prejudiced against him that he would not receive a fair and impartial trial. Claud S. Drake faced a murder charge. Rose and Willis Pettigrew were sued by Thomas Jennings. These names, if I remember, belong to a couple of ex-slaves who lived in Fayetteville for many years. They were sued for possession of property, which sounds like their former owner may have said you can live here the rest of your lives without putting it on paper.

The Bond for Mr. Alberty was signed by J.R. Marquess, J.B. Smith, J.W. Webster, Will Stone, B.D. Wilson, R.J. Rhea, W.N. Yaes, and J.H. McIlroy and the amount now set was $1500.00.

William Smith said he was guilty of a misdemeanor and was fined $50.00. Irvin Foster paid $5.00. Dick Holliman was assessed $20.00. Charles Garrett, Lum Luttrell and William Luttrell paid $25.00 each, and George Morelock, $20.00.

Ellery Phillips was guilty of a misdemeanor and paid $5.00, Jesse Burgess $20.00, James Robbins $5.00. Noah Wilcoxen and Emmet Gollahar were charged. Wilcoxen paid $1.00 and Gollahar was released. Wilcoxen was found not guilty on another charge.

The Grand Jury refused to indict J. Glenn. William Curtis stood trial and was released. On a second trial he was fined $50.00. Ewing Barron was freed by jury trial. So was Walter Allen and W.C. Smith. The jury fined Grant Combs $5.00. Mary Donaldson and W.S. Stewart were not guilty as charged. Thomas Overton was freed.

Lee Young made bond, and Newt Scott was found not guilty. O.W. Hardin was fined $5.00 and James Curtis was before the court. Mack Rollins was declared not guilty by a jury, as were Andy Mhoon and Bill Harris. Lewis Gibson received a $5.00 fine. Thomas Dark was nolle prossed by the attorney. Felix Hank paid $100.00, and Percy Kidd made bond on a burglary charge. Thomas Alterty failed to report; the bondsmen were ordered to show cause why they should not pay the $1500 bond.

J.D. Mahan and Mack Rollins were continued to next term. Ullines Simmons received a year in prison. D.S. Miller paid $50.00 fine. Bent Phillips was tried and released; John Van Hoose was held on present bond, as was Frank Rudolph. John Upton and Sallie Ann Bryant were not guilty by jury trial. W.A. Watson paid $25.00, W.W. Dickey paid $200.00. James Graham was tried and released. Robert Rutherford was not guilty, as were Jim Hodge, J.W. Walker and John Carlile.

Sam Edison had many charges for selling liquor without a license and could not trust the citizens and neighbors to handle his case — he wanted

it sent to Benton County, too.

The term was lasting and many jurors were asking to be excused to get in the winter's wood and to kill hogs, so new ones were added daily. They included Robert Powell, Thomas Brown, John R. Harris, John Barnes, John Cate, Arkansas Wilson and Ed Peer.

Wm. J. Vines was guilty of manslaughter and received four years. J.S. Jones and George Coulter were released. W.J. Patton evidently fenced up a public road and was indicted by the Grand Jury. He, too, requested an exchange to Benton County. Neighbors were mad. Court recessed a few days.

...*"The first regular explorer of this portion of the State was Frank Pierce, who, about 1819, came up White River trapping and hunting. On reaching the mouth of West Fork, he ascended that stream to within two miles of Fayetteville, where he discovered a herd of buffalo. In attempting to kill one of them to get some meat for his supper, he saw a band of Indians. He lowered his gun without firing, dropped under the bank and retired for the night under the friendly shelter of a large elm."* From "History of Washington County", Goodspeed's *History of Arkansas* (1889).

...*"About June, 1866, a Baptist Church, formerly known as New Prospect, but now called Sulphur City, was organized by Elders John Mayes and James Isacks. The former became the first pastor."* From "History of Washington County, Goodspeed's *History of Arkansas* (1889).

...*"The first schools in Evansville were taught by Allen M. Scott, who was succeeded by Mrs. Dr. Bartlett. For four years, from about 1874 to 1878, a graded school was maintained, but it has been abandoned."* From "History of Washington County", Goodspeed's *History of Arkansas* (1889).

...*"In the fall of 1879 Revs. Floyd and Shepherd, of the Christian Church, began the publication of a religious weekly, the Fayetteville "Witness", which they continued for about eighteen months."* From "History of Washington County", Goodspeed's *History of Washington County* (1889).

In answer to a query about the availability of the reprint of Goodspeed's (1889) *History of Washington County,* J. Roger Huff sent the Society a complimentary copy of the reprint. It is still available — order forms are in the WCHS office.

Marriages in 1886

by LLOYD MC CONNELL

William Ragsdale, age 20, and Miss Dora Bowers, 16 years, were married on June 28, 1886, by the Rev. M.D. Steele.

J.D. Woolsey, minister of Woolsey, read the vows for Edward Raker, 32, and Miss Eva Spyers, 21, of Pitkin, Arkansas, on August 16, 1886.

Sanford Raker, 27, and Miss Atlanta Spyers, 20, were married on the preceding day, August 15, by the Rev. Mr. Woolsey. Well, everybody join in and have fun.

Richard Rolston and Miss Amanda Aaron, ages 23 and 25, of Elm Springs, went to the Rev. Thomas G. Welch, for their Feb. 12, 1886, marriage.

A Lowell couple, J.H. Reagan, 46, and 24-year-old Mrs. Mary M. Morton, came to Fayetteville to Justice of the Peace J.C. Massie on May 3, 1886, for a Washington County wedding.

G.W. Reed, age 19, and Miss Rosey Burrows, a Winslow 15-year-old, were joined in wedlock by Justice of the Peace W.J. Reed on Feb. 7, 1886.

Farmington couple John A. Reed, 23, and Miss Lula Cato, 19, were united in a civil ceremony by Justice of the Peace, L.A. Hobbs. He certified that on Feb. 25, 1886, he performed the ceremony of marriage for them.

West Forkers T.P. Reed, 22, and 18-year-old Miss [illegible] Privett, went to Eli Baker, an ordained minister of the gospel, for an Oct. 3, 1886, wedding ceremony.

Robert J. Rhea of Cincinnati, at 23, and Miss Myrtie McClelland, 17, of Boonsboro, were joined in a ceremony by the Rev. H.M. Welch, on April 22, 1886.

William Ryan, and Miss Mary Ann Osborn, of Frisco, Crawford County, she 17 and he 21, were married by MG M.E. Williamson on Feb. 25, 1886.

A Springdale couple, Taylor Rice, age 27, and Miss Lara Hall, 20, came down to Justice of the Peace J.C. Massie on May 29, 1886.

W.M. Richardson, age 60, of Wheeler, married Mrs. Malinda Ponder, 55 years, of Weddington, in a ceremony performed by I.S. Cordan, on Dec. 26, 1886.

J.S. Robertson, 21, of Health, and Miss N.A. Richardson of Hazel Valley, age 21, were united on Feb. 25, 1886, by Justice H.C. Osborn, in a civil ceremony.

David Robinson, 32, married Miss Sarah V. Anderson, 24, in an Aug. 12, 1886, ceremony performed by the Rev. Samuel Cox. The couple were of Prairie Grove.

D.H. Robinson, 23, and Miss Jennie Mayner, also 23, Fayetteville, were married on Dec. 5, 1886, by John Marshall, a Justice of the Peace.

J.W. Hogg, a Justice, performed the Oct. 14, 1886, service for J.W. Robinson, 39, of Robinson, and Mrs. Sylvester Luttrell, 25, also of Robinson, in Benton County.

Joseph Rolston, 22, and Miss Marian Reavis, 23, both of Elm Springs, had their March 3, 1886, wedding performed by Thomas G. Welch, MG.

James Rose, 72-year-old Viney Grove resident, went down to Howe, Arkansas, which is down Muddy Fork Creek a few miles, for the hand of Mrs. America Card, age 65. J.J. Odale, a Justice of the Peace made them happy on May 16, 1886.

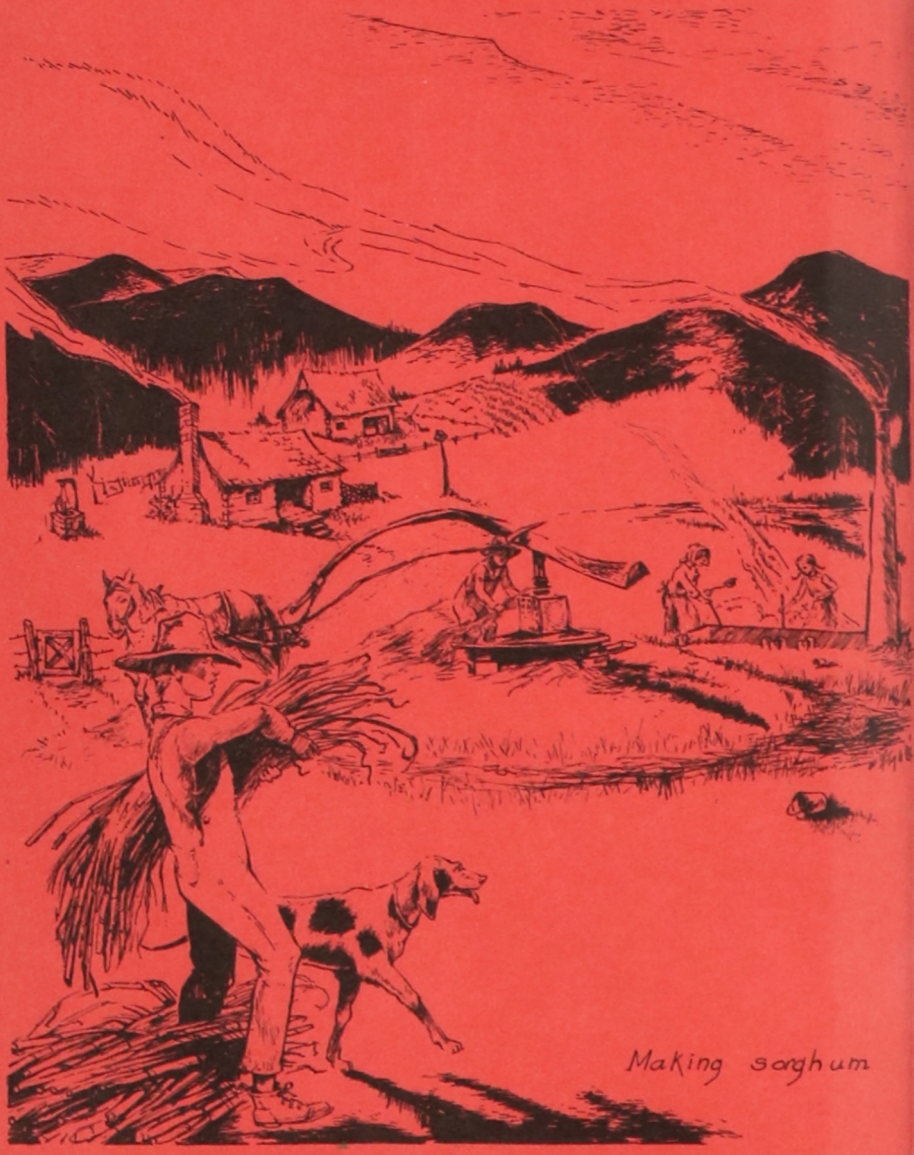
Osage, Kansas, resident J.A. Ross, 23, and Miss A.E. Wax, 15-year-old Fayetteville girl, were married on July 1, 1886, by O.D. Slaughter, MG.

Fred Lotan, of Lake Village, Arkansas, and Miss Emma Tillman, Fayetteville, both aged 24 years, wed on Nov. 9, 1886, with Rev. M.E. Butts performing the ceremony.

N.C. Ryker, 28, and Miss Temperance Peters, 33, of Brentwood, pledged their promises before Elder L.R. Lee, on Jan. 22, 1886.

...*"At the first commencement* (of the Arkansas Industrial University) *held June 27, 1872, President Gen. A.W. Bishop delivered an excellent address on the educational history of the county and of the A.I. University movement in particular."* From "History of Washington County", Goodspeed's *History of Arkansas* (1889).

Oh, dear! Did I remember to renew my membership in the Washington County Historical Society?



Making sorghum